

83 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE (cont'd)  
little farce on freedom. Much easier. I  
know, I know! But they go on cause we're  
lazy and scared and selfish and stupid.

Sam is awestruck. Brigitte stalks past him to the truck.

BRIGITTE  
I'd like a ride back to my house if it's  
not too much trouble. Then I promise  
we're so done.

She climbs in and slams the door. Sam reconsiders the unseen  
carcass.

84 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DUSK

A fashion magazine goes flying into the toilet. Ginger's in  
the tub with a razor. She sets a painted-nail foot on the tub  
rim and grimaces. Twisting, she finds a slim black claw  
breaking the skin just over her heel. She kicks the tub wall -  
the tile cracks.

Beat. Pamela peers in.

PAMELA  
Your father's battery's dead again, you  
want to come for a ride?

GINGER  
(closing the shower curtain)  
Geezuz can't you KNOCK!

PAMELA  
(pulling at the curtain)  
Don't you geezuz me. You haven't got  
anything I haven't seen before.

GINGER  
That's what you think.

PAMELA  
What's that supposed to mean?

GINGER  
N-nothing! I'm just fat all right GET OUT!

PAMELA  
You are not fat, Ginger. Stop reading  
these foolish magazines. These girls are  
all on speed to look like that you know!

GINGER  
GET OUUUUUT!

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

Pamela exits.

85 INT. SAM'S VAN OUTSIDE FITZGERALD HOME - DUSK

Sam brakes. Brigitte pops the door.

SAM  
This cure you're after. It's for you,  
isn't it.

BRIGITTE  
Spare me the 'interest'.

SAM  
Too late.

They trade a long look. Brigitte breaks it, getting out..

86 EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - DUSK

Pamela stops cold before her minivan. Sees Brigitte watching Sam drive off. Pamela opens her mouth, then shuts it. They circle one another in silence. Pamela gets into her van, and drives off.

87 EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DUSK

Brigitte rounds the corner of the house. Morley barks and snaps at her, straining at his lead. He's frenzied.

TRINA  
Uh-oh. No big sister. Sca-awee.

Trina looks like a disaster film survivor. Her bandaged wounds are bleeding through. Morely barks at the house.

TRINA (cont'd)  
I feel sorry for you.

88 INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - DUSK

Sweat-soaked Ginger leaps to the window. Her tail springs loose and swings wildly. It's a foot long, an inch thick. She trembles. Her hair bristles on the back of her neck.

89 INT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DUSK

Morely is going nuts, hackles up, at the back door.

TRINA  
He doesn't like you. He's a cherry hound.  
He's into virgins.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

(eying the windows, the door)  
Trina, you're bleeding. Take the dog and go home.

TRINA

If you're so fucking smart you won't give him the satisfaction. Somebody just once shouldn't give that fucker the satisfaction!

Trina gives into a good cry. Morely yanks her hard.

BRIGITTE

Trina, go NOW!

TRINA

You're as big a slut as your sister.

BRIGITTE

I am not! I'm trying to-!

Trina yanks Morely to face Brigitte. She drops his lead.

TRINA

Sick her.

The back door flies open. A blur of speed, Ginger pounces on Morely, scoops him up, and with one deft crack, snaps his neck. One slice eviscerates him. Ginger moans. She chucks him.

GINGER

(clated, to Trina)

Back for more, Meat?

Trina opens her mouth to scream. Ginger leaps on her and jams her hand over her mouth.

BRIGITTE

Wh-wh-what're you doing!

Porch lights start switching on around them. Trina struggles.

GINGER

(dragging Trina)

You want in, hide the dog...

BRIGITTE

What?!

Doors are starting to open at neighboring houses.

89 CONTINUED: (2)

GINGER  
(backing inside)  
Get a grip and hide the fucking dog.

The door slams shut behind Trina and Ginger. Neighbors look around from their homes, see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing, and go back inside. The porch lights go out.

90 INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brigitte enters, soiled and bloody. Ginger sits on the floor, holding Trina between her legs, a hand clamped over her mouth.

GINGER  
(to Trina)  
You smell yummy, what is that?  
(tasting the back of her neck)  
Mmmm cirtus or antiseptic, not sure...

BRIGITTE  
Are you crazy!?

GINGER  
See I told you you'd panic.

BRIGITTE  
Okay, let's just chill to full kick,  
right Trina?!

Trina tries to nod.

GINGER  
Earth calling Brrr-igitte, she hates your  
guts. She'd suck your left tit now and  
still huck a wad when you walk away. Hey.  
A little 'touch' Search and Destroy?!

BRIGITTE  
Hilarious, Ginge', let her go.

GINGER  
Aw, we're just playing, right love muff'?

Trina's eyes bulge, she cries in protest.

BRIGITTE  
She's an asshole, she's not worth this.

GINGER  
She asked for this.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

In a few days we'll all be asking for it!  
This is not you, just let's cope...

GINGER

(laughing, wrenching off her  
navel ring)  
What, with this kind of shit?  
(she swallows it, sarcastic)  
Comic book rules, Bec. You can't fix  
this.

BRIGITTE

You don't know that! Gimme a chance!

GINGER

(hauling Trina up)  
No, see. All you do is suck and hide in  
your precious tiny mind. BORING! USELESS!  
And I'm like - I'm heading out there,  
Bec. I'm going way far from where you  
live. If you really think about it, it  
could actually pretty much fucking rule!

BRIGITTE

(moving toward them)  
That's crap and you know it!

Trina eyes the knives in the knife block a few inches from  
her face.

GINGER

Don't fuck with me now, Bee, or  
someone'll really get hurt-/-

Trina is sicking up through Ginger's hand. Ginger flings her  
wet hand free and shoves Trina toward the sink.

GINGER

Aw, for fuckssakes, that's disgusting.

Trina grabs a knife and whirls on them with it.

"" TRINA

Stay away, both of you get away...

Trina knocks a glass pitcher full of milk to the floor. It  
breaks. Trina jumps and Ginger grabs her, gets the knife, and  
chucks it.

BRIGITTE

Okay stop here!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

Trina slips on the wet floor. Frothing, Ginger pounces. Trina cracks her head, hard, on the corner of the counter. Trina lands crunching on the glass, limp. Blood seeps from her head, into the milk.

GINGER

Uh oh.

Ginger looks from the blood to Trina's dead eyes. Saliva slips from Ginger's lips. She shudders with arousal.

BRIGITTE

Oh no. Oh no. No. No no nononoooo...

91 EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - NIGHT

The garage door begins to rise.

92 INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brigitte gasps. A minivan is crawling up the drive, outside.

BRIGITTE

Get up get up get up! C'mon!

93 INT. FITZGERALD GARAGE - NIGHT

The Fitzgerald minivan coasts into the garage. The trunk pops open, revealing a dozen full grocery bags.

94 INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pamela stops cold. Henry bangs into her. There is a body in a pool of bloody milk on the floor.

PAMELA

Jesus Christ on a bicycle what the-!

A very flushed Brigitte pops a shot off the Polaroid.

PAMELA

I told you no more deaths in the house!

Ginger sits up, brushing glass shards away. Her smile is positively beatific.

GINGER

Don't be mad, it's for extra credit.

PAMELA

(softening)

Well I want it back to immaculate in ten minutes. I better get this meat away.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

Pamela fishes out meat packets and heads for the stairs to the basement. Brigitte follows her out.

BRIGITTE

I'll do that.

Ginger licks the blood from her fingers. She meets Henry's baffled gaze.

GINGER

Mmm-mm. Corn syrup, Daddy. Want some?

Henry shakes his head.

95 INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT - NIGHT

Pamela heads for a deluxe deep freezer. She lifts the lid.

BRIGITTE

Mum!

Pamela looks at her.

PAMELA

What?!

In the freezer, Trina's hand rests palm up on the frozen veg. Pamela's handful of meat hovers over it.

BRIGITTE

Wh-I - wh- what do you think guys want?

Pamela drops her meat into Trina's waiting palm - without looking in - and drops the door shut.

PAMELA

Oh Brigitte. I'm so glad you asked.

96 INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ginger discovers her nails are now retractable: fascinated,  
she slides the middle one in and out. Oblivious, Pamela is creating 'home accents' with dried flowers.

PAMELA

And that's what men want.

GINGER

Totally.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

PAMELA

This Sam person may seem 'cool' and different, but really? They're all the same.

GINGER

You're too young for that jerk, Bee.

BRIGITTE

Well. Thanks for sharing all this...

PAMELA

I'm so happy we can. Uh-oh. Past my night's time. You two too - get.

Pamela exits. Brigitte glares at grinning Ginger. Somewhere a door closes. They bolt for the basement stairs.

97 INT. DEEP FREEZER - NIGHT

Brigitte and Ginger peer in. They whisper.

BRIGITTE

This is just - great.

GINGER

Yeah. Lacrosse'll suck now.

BRIGITTE

...Just get her out of the freezer, okay?

Ginger reaches in and tugs. Trina doesn't budge.

GINGER

Shit.

BRIGITTE

Get me a screwdriver.

Freezer frost sprays as Brigitte chips at Trina. Ginger tries to pull Trina out. Almost, but Trina's hand still sticks. Brigitte chips more: there is a horrible crack.

BRIGITTE

Oh - god.

Brigitte lifts out three severed fingers.

GINGER

Way to go.



98 EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - NIGHT

The girls carry Trina's body past a window with a light on.

99 INT. HENRY & PAMELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Below the window, Henry and Pamela are in bed. She searches back issues of Chatelaine. Henry watches, looking freaked.

PAMELA

Here it is, "Why Your Daughter Dates Dummies". I'm so glad I hung on to this.

HENRY

I think they're up to something.

PAMELA

They're being typical teenage girls.

HENRY

Then why are they suddenly so interested in what you have to say?

PAMELA

Go back to your own little world, Henry. This one just confuses you.

Henry rolls his back to her. Pamela looks troubled.

100 INT. PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

From a corner, Brigitte stares into Trina's dead eyes. Ginger is digging with a shovel. The dirt lands on Morely's body.

BRIGITTE

If I wasn't here, would you eat her?

GINGER

No. It'd be like fucking her. Shit, Bee.

BRIGITTE

....You do realize we're dead.

GINGER

Hey, no one ever thinks chicks do shit like this. Trust me. A girl can only be a slut, a bitch, a tease, or the harmless girl next door. Just coast on how the world works, Bee.

Ginger rolls Trina into her grave.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

So we're just going to hope no one gives us any - credit to be capable of this?

GINGER

Yeah.

BRIGITTE

Ginger. That's crazy.

GINGER

...It is?

101 INT. FITZGERALD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte stares into space, chewing her nails. Ginger lies in her bed, lowering her palm over a lighter. It sings the coarse, black hairs growing there. She's crying.

GINGER

...I'll take off.

BRIGITTE

What?!

GINGER

I kill pets, Bee. They'll make me a freak show. Every day, in every way, I get angrier, I get uglier. And nothing helps 'cept reaching into something alive and ripping its hot little heart right out. No one's ever gonna want me like this. I'm poison, even if they did. So fuck it. I'll just. Go. For. The. Show.

BRIGITTE

And just leave me here -!?

GINGER

You'd be better off.

BRIGITTE

I'd NEVER do that to you!

GINGER

Well that's your problem, isn't it.

BRIGITTE

You need me! You're all 'Can't fight it, fuck it!' That's not good enough with this! It's going to get you killed!

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

GINGER

... 'Kay smartass, have an idea.

BRIGITTE

Running just attracts attention.

GINGER

Well if there's no cure, I what? Try not to have accidents? Try not to lose my fucking mind? Here?!

BRIGITTE

'Kay. We let Pam think you're at school. We let school think you're home sick. Just 'til there's no doubt about us and Trina. Then we'll blow.

GINGER

Where.

BRIGITTE

As far away from here as we can.

GINGER

...You don't have to blow.

BRIGITTE

You can't cope by yourself!

GINGER

But you can cope with me.

BRIGITTE

If you ditch me after all this shit...

GINGER

....Don't let them get me alive, then.

BRIGITTE

Don't talk like that.

GINGER

I mean it.

Ginger offers her hand. Brigitte hugs her, hard.

102 EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - NIGHT

Trina's severed fingers sit forgotten in the grass.

## 103 INT. SCHOOL HALL AT GIRLS' LOCKER - DAY

The hall is plastered in Trina-"MISSING" flyers and ads for a party at the county greenhouse.

Looking haggard and ill-kempt, Brigitte signs an excuse-note on flowery stationery "Pamela Fitzgerald".

P.A. SYSTEM

Starting immediately, certain students may be paged to the office to assist the police regarding Trina Sinclair's disappearance.

CAL

(at next locker)  
She's dead, man.

A slicked-up-to-party Jason catches a GIRL passing.

JASON

What do you say. Right now.

The girl squirms loose and runs on. Jason pounds the lockers repeatedly, bloodying his own fists. Wayne yells, runs up.

Brigitte smooths her hair. Adjusts her clothes. And walks with studied nonchalance down the hall.

## 104 INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner's on. Ginger wears her jacket, hood up. Her hair is all silver. Her skin is pale, almost translucent, glowing. Her eyes are rimmed dark, her lashes long and full, setting off her sparkling, darting eyes. She's intensely restless. Pamela eyes both her girls. She avoids Henry's looks.

PAMELA

How was school today?

GINGER

Don't know, didn't go.

BRIGITTE

We had a field trip.

PAMELA

I didn't sign a form for a field trip-?

GINGER

Daddy? Show me how to drive tonight?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE  
Ginge' - chill.

PAMELA  
Next year. Where did you go?

GINGER  
What if next year never comes?

BRIGITTE  
Shut up!

PAMELA  
Brigitte!

GINGER  
Or what? What!

BRIGITTE  
Think what, think why test me.

Beat. Ginger storms out. Sighing, Brigitte follows.

PAMELA  
I'm calling the school. First thing.

105 INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room looks like a bomb went off. Ginger trashes it some more. By rote, Brigitte shuts the door, locks it. Turns music on loud and huddles in a corner to wait it out. Ginger slams the music off and clutches her chest.

GINGER  
My tits hurt, I can't breathe they hurt  
so bad. I need outta this fucking room.

BRIGITTE  
Well you can't.

Ginger stops short and spits a tooth into her now leathery-  
padded palm. Her nails are now hooked, black talons.

GINGER  
That's five. But I got two more of the  
new ones - see?  
(Brigitte looks away)  
Aw don't you like baby-sitting, Bee?  
Hunh? It's a big drag, I know.

Brigitte starts righting the room.

105 CONTINUED:

GINGER

(digging out hygiene calendar)  
If you suffer from cramps - yeah -  
headaches - violent mood swings - unusual  
cravings, tearfulness, tender little  
titties?! "We recommend you try vigorous  
aerobic activity, to stimulate  
neurotransmitters, boosting those at low  
levels pre-" ragging out! C'mon, you  
can't bang biology, Beebster. Let's go.

BRIGITTE

PMS is the least of your problems.

There is a pounding at their window. Ginger draws the  
curtain. Jason's face is covered in horrible acne and patchy,  
wiry grey stubble. His hair is streaked with silver.

JASON

Ginger! We need to TALK!

GINGER

Fuck. He looks like shit.

He pounds on the glass. It breaks. Brigitte runs between  
them, beating Jason back with her lacrosse stick.

BRIGITTE

Get out, get out - call Pamela!

GINGER

(trembling with restraint)  
Let me have him, you got SAM!

BRIGITTE

What?!

Jason grabs the stick and hauls Brigitte right off the floor.

JASON

She's keeping you from me, I'll fucking  
kill her, we have to be TOGETHER! Can't  
you see it, we're the same! I need you!

GINGER

(drooling, tensing)  
BEE let go!

BRIGITTE

NO!

Ginger kicks Brigitte in the stomach. Brigitte drops. Ginger  
springs at Jason - half in half out of the window - clawing

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

at his face, tearing out handfuls of his silvery hair. He covers his head, howling, and backs out.

106 EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The porch light comes on and Pamela opens the door.

PAMELA

Hello? Who's out here?!

Bawling, Jason runs off. Ginger slips back inside.

107 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginger slides down the wall, bloodied and sobbing. She lands in a heap next to Brigitte.

GINGER

You stupid shit, he could've infected you. Or worse.

108 INT. GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

Later. The window is boarded up. The dark room is freezing. Brigitte shivers in her bed. Ginger paces, smokes, sweats.

BRIGITTE

How come you haven't infected me? We'd be the same. I wouldn't care either.

GINGER

If we were the same, I'd kill us both. You can do better than this Bee.

109 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - MORNING

The radio alarm clock goes off at 8:00 AM.

RADIO NEWS VOICE

Happy Halloween everybody, it's-/

Ginger's hand slams it off, cracking the plastic casing. She is buff, her delicate musculature bulging tight against her thin damp skin. She stumbles to the bathroom and closes the door.

Brigitte leaps out of bed with a noosed extension cord, loops it over the handle and ties the other end to the door handle on the closet. Brigitte locks the latter

The toilet flushes inside. The bathroom door knob rattles.

109 CONTINUED:

GINGER(O/S)

The fuck -? Bee!? Open this fucking door!

Brigitte watches the vibrating length of cord hold the door in place. Ginger bangs viciously on the other side.

BRIGITTE

You can do better than this too. But we have to deal, you need real help...

GINGER

NO! Don't you dare tell! You fucking sissy, don't be such a girl!

Brigitte kicks the door.

GINGER

(stops pounding)

You little bitch. Jason was right. I should be with him. And I'm GOING TO!

Brigitte exits.

110 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DAY

Ginger doubles over with pain, bawling.

111 INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - DAY

Pamela is making more dried flower decorations with different flowers. She jumps as Brigitte appears in the door.

PAMELA

What've you done to her now?

BRIGITTE

Wh-what have I - what have I-!

Brigitte's eyes fall on the dried flowers. Specifically, the purple ones with the thin stalks. She grabs them.

BRIGITTE (cont'd)

What is this?!

PAMELA

(confused by her intensity)

Its - it's priest's robe no nun's habit..

BRIGITTE

Monkshood. Where did you get it!?

(CONTINUED)



111 CONTINUED:

PAMELA

From the yard, in spring, I save them-?

BRIGITTE

Unbelievable!

PAMELA

They're my accent color-?!

The doorbell goes. Brigitte freezes.

112 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ginger pulls with all her might to open the bathroom door a few inches. Something cracks. With ferocious effort, Ginger contorts herself through the inches of space.

113 EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - DAY

COP

Mrs. Fitzgerald? We'd like to talk to Brigitte and Ginger.

PAMELA

What on earth for?

BRIGITTE

I-I'm Brigitte.

Brigitte hides under her hair. The cops trade a smile.

COP

We understand you and your sister had some history with Trina Sinclair?

At the side of the house, clothed Ginger crawls out of the window. She spots the cruiser in the drive. She takes off unseen.

BRIGITTE

She tried to beat me up. So my sister beat her up. Jason McCardy likes us better.

COP

Jason McCardy?

BRIGITTE

He's mental, though. He told us he was the Beast of Bailey Downs. Like-?

COP

Okay. Thank you young lady. Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

PAMELA

Always a boy at the bottom of these things, isn't there.

COP

Procedure sees no sex, ma'am.  
(winking at Brigitte)  
But we'll move on, just the same.

Brigitte offers a weak, shy smile.

114 INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT - DAY

Pamela pursues Brigitte. Brigitte has the monkshood.

PAMELA

You tell me what's going on, right now!

Brigitte slams her bedroom door and locks it.

115 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

PAMELA (O/S)

Open this door!

Brigitte sees the mangled bathroom door. Inside, broken razors, hair shavings everywhere. The cardboard in the broken window is ripped off. Brigitte climbs through the window.

116 INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

Barely dressed, Ginger slinks through the quiet school halls: classes are in session. Her stomach growls. She has the flushed, ravaged, oily sheen of a porn queen.

She comes across Ben and Cal. She hesitates, her self-consciousness comes off as coy. They greet her. Ginger forces an engaging smile, peels off her cardigan to reveal a half-buttoned tiny top, and stalks over.

GINGER

You boys seen Jace'?

CAL

Hey McCardy's been fucked lately, like.  
(eyecing her up)  
You going to the greenhouse bash tonight?

GINGER

Are you guys?

CAL

If you are, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

GINGER

(pleased)

You better. I'm in charge of the prizes.

(flashing them)

You too could be a winner.

Ben and Cal's jaws drop.

+

GINGER

(shirt still up, smile fading)

Don't let me down.

Ginger bumps into someone behind her.

MR. WAYNE

Ginger. My office. Now.

Ginger gives him an ominous once-over.

GINGER

'Kay.

117 INT. BACK OF SAM'S TRUCK ON SIDE STREET - DAY

Sam flings an axe into the wall of the truck. He moves to pull it out, but something stops him cold.

SAM

For me? You shouldn't have.

Panting Brigitte stands outside with her dead monkshood.

BRIGITTE

It wouldn't be right if I didn't bring you something problematic...

SAM

Amusing. Yet inaccurate.

He gives her a hand inside. Brigitte scrutinizes his face. He holds her gaze.

BRIGITTE

Are you a cherry hound?

SAM

(snorting a laugh)

Where'd you hear that?

She shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

SAM

You see me chasing bubble-gum breath  
small-ternatives, who can't even spell  
lycanthrope, never mind know what it  
means?

Brigitte kisses Sam - long and deep. Surprised, Sam lets her  
drive. When the kiss ends, Brigitte blinks dizzily.

SAM

Kissing me doesn't make me trustworthy.

BRIGITTE

You could've taken advantage. You didn't.

SAM

I thought about it.

Startled, Brigitte thrusts the monkshood between them.

BRIGITTE

Monkshood. I don't know if you smoke it,  
or eat it or...This 'problem' it might  
solve, it's like an infection, it moves  
through your system from the inside out.

SAM

Got me. Maybe direct route. Inject it.  
But it's a bad idea, Brigitte. You don't  
know what it'll do to you.

BRIGITTE

Can't be worse than being roadkill.

SAM

Let me make it. I've got clean gear, take  
an educated guess about the dose. This is  
a very dangerous way to get to know one  
another.

BRIGITTE

It's your last chance.

SAM

Come see me about it tonight. I got the  
annual Halloweener bash.

BRIGITTE

Tell me you're really doing this.

117 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

That shit you laid on me about being like everybody else? I'd like it not to be true.

BRIGITTE

If I don't show, it's only 'cause it's too late.

Brigitte moves to leave. He catches her hand.

SAM

Show even if it is.

He lets her go.

118 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

WAYNE

Your sister locked you in your bathroom?

Ginger is peeling the fake wood off his desk.

WAYNE

Ginger, do you feel Brigitte had a good reason for doing that to you?

GINGER

...Yeah.

WAYNE

Well, I don't. Forcibly confining a person is very abusive, dangerous behavior.

GINGER

(cracking up)

You think Bee's dangerous?

WAYNE

(dialing the phone)

I think we need to talk to your parents about her. Your sister needs help.

Ginger grabs his hand.

GINGER

You leave my sister alone.

119 INT. SCHOOL HALL AT MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Brigitte bursts in, breathless. A couple of COPS come up the hall. She slows to a walk. They pass her. The halls ahead seem endless. She spots Cal sniffing Ginger's sweater.

A door marked "Maintenance" flies open. Brigitte is yanked inside. The door slams shut.

120 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Jason pins Brigitte to the wall and unzips his pants. His facial hair has come in with a vengeance. He's all euphoric, exaggerated machismo.

JASON

If I do you I bet she'll talk to me.

BRIGITTE

You'll be too dead to talk!

JASON

No, I'm feeling pretty good now, I just got a few questions. Like I'm growin' a goddam TAIL right outta my ASS, and I thought she might have a few TIPS on how to DEAL with keeping that QUIET!

BRIGITTE

Hurting me won't help-!

Jason smacks her face, sending her to the floor.

JASON

See. I'm up to some WHACKED shit, I mean I'm way out on the corner of FUCKED UP and EVIL, you wanna know what I did for FUN last night?!

(cracking up)

I killed my freakin' own dog. Wh-what exactly do I do about that, hunh?!

BRIGITTE

The cops are looking for you too. You should just go. You're in deep shit.

JASON

(grabbing her)

Oh, I am WAY BEYOND DEEP SHIT AND I THINK YOU KNOW WHY!

Brigitte knees Jason. He reels, stumbles and falls.

121 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Brigitte bursts out of the maintenance room.

JANITOR

Eh, eh. What's going on in here?

Jason runs out and off.

BRIGITTE

He just tried to rape me!

Brigitte tears off, almost ramming Nurse Ferry, who curses.

122 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Searching, Brigitte double-takes the office door. There's blood seeping under it. She places a trembling hand on the knob. It's locked. She knocks a special knock. It opens just enough for Ginger to yank her in. The door shuts, and locks.

123 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Wild-eyed and blood-splattered, Ginger slams Brigitte against a wall. One of Ginger's eyes is now ice blue.

GINGER

Don't ever fuck me like that again!

BRIGITTE

I didn't - I -/

Brigitte takes in the blood-splashed room. Mr. Wayne stares back at her from the Other Side.

BRIGITTE

Wh-wh-wh-wh - oh oh g-god, Ginge'!

GINGER

He wanted to screw you! See how that works? How I didn't rat you out?!

BRIGITTE

I didn't rat you out!

GINGER

You wanna ditch, I can smell it. I can smell guy too. Why do I smell guy, Bee?

BRIGITTE

I was getting a cure for you!

123 CONTINUED:

GINGER  
Oh yeah? Where is it?

BRIGITTE  
We'll get it tonight!

GINGER  
Big party at Sam's tonight too. What a  
coincky-DINK. Did you tell him?

BRIGITTE  
No! No! Oh shit, this - this is b-bad!

GINGER  
'Cause you know, Bee. Boyfriends come  
and go. Sisters - we're fucking forever.

BRIGITTE  
He's not a boyfriend, he can help us!

GINGER  
Oh my GAWD you are SUCH a virgin! You  
cannot USE 'he' and 'help' together, GROW  
UP. They'll say anything to get into your  
pants, where have you *been*?!

Beat. Brigitte snaps the lights off and checks that the door  
is locked.

BRIGITTE  
We'll wait 'til everyone goes. Clean this  
up - somehow. Then -/

GINGER  
(terrible jagged grin)  
Then we'll hit the road. I don't know  
what you've been up to, but it's bound to  
cock up somehow.

Brigitte lowers her eyes before Ginger's burning glare.

124 EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - LATE DAY

Pamela is burying bulbs in her flower beds. She sees the  
freshly turned earth in the playhouse. Henry is raking.

HENRY  
Oh god, Pamela!

Trina's three severed fingers are tangled in his rake's  
spokes.



124 CONTINUED:

PAMELA

Henry. For pete's sake. They're from the girls' death project.

(picking them up)

They're fake. Big baby.

Henry almost loses his lunch. Pamela hefts the fingers and strides for the door. \*

125 INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Pamela drops the fingers into a Tupperware-type container, seals it, burps it, and places it at the back of the fridge. She leans heavily against the counter.

126 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATE DAY

School is out. Students and staff flock off.

127 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD - DUSK

Little HALLOWEENERS trundle by in costume, with a heavy guard of wary PARENTS. The school sits silent.

128 EXT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

The lock pops on the office door. Brigitte peers out. She backs out with a wheeled cloth cart full of basket balls. Wayne's feet stick out.

BRIGITTE

I'll be right back. Lock up. Wait here.

Inside, pained Ginger is curled up in a cold sweat, trembling. She nods. Brigitte slowly closes the door between them. It locks behind her.

129 INT. ANOTHER HALL - NIGHT

Brigitte turns a corner, pushing the cart.

A second later, the janitor appears in an intersecting hall, pushing his cleaning cart, heading the opposite way.

130 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

Ginger shudders with pain. She lowers her waistband, slips her hand in, and withdraws - inch by inch - her two-foot tail. It flutters in her hand. She wrenches it, sending herself a spike of maddening pain. She rolls on the floor, writhing.

131 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

The janitor pushes his cart up the hall.

132 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

The janitor's footsteps approach. Ginger coils her tail into her waistband and crawls to the door.

133 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

The janitor wheels up to the guidance office door. He slides his key in the lock.

134 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

Ginger braces herself against the door, bristling.

135 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE - NIGHT

The janitor tries to push the door open. He pushes again. Harder. Puts his shoulder into it. Ramming it over and over.

He steps back, cursing it.

The door clicks open a titch.

136 INT. ANOTHER HALL - NIGHT

Brigitte rounds a corner. She gasps.

137 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE - NIGHT

The janitor crawls toward her, gripping his slashed bleeding throat. His cry is only a gurgling whistle.

BRIGITTE

Oh no, oh no, no, no...

The janitor reaches out to Brigitte. Ginger stomps on his hands. His fingers snap. Ginger grabs his head by the hair and shakes it violently back and forth.

BRIGITTE

STOP IT! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

Laughing, Ginger hooks his collar and drags him at a run down the hall, screaming with unholy glee. She smashes him into lockers. She flings him at garbage cans, throwing him around like a rag doll, his blood spraying everywhere.

BRIGITTE

He hasn't done anything, please!

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

GINGER  
I don't like how he looks at you.

With a quick snap, Ginger breaks his neck. The janitor slumps to the floor, dead.

Ginger whoops. Her legs buckle beneath her and she hits the floor hard, back arching in carnal pleasure, letting go an awful sigh.

Brigitte leaps at Ginger, kicking and punching. Ginger's oblivious with bliss. Brigitte stops and stares at her fists in horror. Ginger grabs Brigitte's wrists.

GINGER  
He- he found me, the mess - I had to.

BRIGITTE  
Go to hell!

A whistling rasp draws their attention to the janitor. He's convulsing. His wounds are covered in a moist film.

BRIGITTE (cont'd)  
H-he, he's not dead!

Ginger scrambles to him, Brigitte grabs her.

BRIGITTE  
WAIT! Th-the infection must be saving him! Let me call help for him!

Beat. Ginger seems to consider this.

Ginger raises two sharply taloned paw-like hands and slices into the janitor's chest. His bones crack. She gathers herself and with effort yanks out his innards. His convulsions stop. Ginger grins, pleased.

Brigitte gags, backs away, shaking her head.

BRIGITTE  
Aw fuck - y-y-you like it....

Ginger slams Brigitte to the floor and pins her beneath her.

GINGER  
It feels soooo good. It's like - touching yourself - every move, right on the dot. You know? And after? You see fucking fireworks. Super novas. I'm a fuckin' superstar. I'm a goddamn force of nature.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

GINGER (cont'd)  
I feel like I could do ...just about  
anything...

Ginger's hungry eyes trail Brigitte's chest, neck, mouth.

BRIGITTE  
You're fucked!

GINGER  
You'd dig it! With your new 'tude? You  
should come for the ride...

Ginger places her index claw against Brigitte's sternum.

GINGER  
A little scratch, we swap some juice.  
We'll be our own pack. Like before. It's  
so us.

BRIGITTE  
I'd rather be dead than be what you are.

Ginger retracts her claw. She seizes Brigitte and throws her  
into a wall.

GINGER  
We have a pact! Out by sixteen or dead in  
this scene, but fucking together forever!  
I said I'd DIE for you!

BRIGITTE  
No, you said you'd die *with* me, - 'cause  
you had nothing better to do.

Ginger kicks her in the stomach.

GINGER  
Fuck you too. You think I'd go back to  
being nobody, you're fucked! Stay out of  
my way, Brigitte. I'll tell Sam you said  
hey.

Ginger storms off. Brigitte struggles to get up. She can't.

138 INT. PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

Pamela digs up the playhouse floor with a pick ax. She  
strikes something metallic. Gas hisses. Something pops.

All the lights go off in the house.

PAMELA  
Shit.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

Using a flashlight, Pamela sees something in the dirt. It's Trina's hand, with a few fingers missing. She covers her mouth.

The back door of the house opens.

HENRY

Pam?! What the hell are you doing?

PAMELA

Just remembering old times. The tea parties, the finger paints.

HENRY

Oh for Christ's sake.

Pamela stares into space.

139 INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The greenhouse is filling with a steady stream of booze-swilling, dope-smoking, party-mad COSTUMED TEENS. Music booms.

140 INT. SAM'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

A former office with a window over-looking the greenhouse floor. There's a fair-sized hydroponics set-up, drug processing gear, and a cot.

Sam shreds some monkshood into a spoon. Uses an eye-dropper to add a little alcohol. Fires up a lighter and skims the underside of the spoon with it. Needles wait next to him.

141 EXT. MAIN ARTERY - NIGHT

A billboard advertises Bailey County Greenhouse - Next Exit.

Brigitte alternates trying to run with flagging cars and trucks full of costumed PARTY-GOERS. No one stops.

142 INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN ON STREET - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

The Tupperware bowl with Trina's fingers sits on the passenger seat.

Creeping along, Pamela scans the sidewalks and yards. A boisterous carload of PARTY-GOERS careen by, honking and cursing at her. A thought occurs.

143 EXT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

The van leaps forward and pursues the party-goers' car.

## 144 EXT. MAIN ARTERY - NIGHT

Trying to run, Brigitte stumbles, breathless. Headlights approach. She steps out into the road.

BRIGITTE  
C'mon you cocksucker, stop!

The vehicle squeals to a halt. Pamela leaps out. With her Tupperware. She thrusts it at Brigitte. Who opens it.

PAMELA  
Your father has left us. He doesn't know what you've done, he just 'felt it was time'.

BRIGITTE  
You can help us. Or you can make it worse. I have to get Ginger right now.

PAMELA  
...Get in the van.

## 145 INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Ginger steps up to the threshold in nothing but an over-sized kangaroo jacket with the hood up, hiding her face. Her legs are covered in a soft down of silky silver hair, under which her skin seems to glisten, even glow. She takes in the lively crowd.

Ben is in a cow suit. Cal is Satan.

BEN  
All right Fitz', fuckin' wicked costume!

Masked and made-up heads start to turn. The party-goers grin, greet her, whoop. Ginger slinks in.

CAL  
That is the fucking bomb!

Encouraged, she coyly lifts the back of her jacket. Her tail unfurls: it curls and switches between her muscular thighs, and is coated with a thick plume of lush, strokable silver hair.

Cal reaches for her tail; it flicks out of his reach.

CAL  
Whoa! All right!

145 CONTINUED:

Ginger pulls the hood off. Her thick mass of gleaming pure silver hair spills out. She shakes it to reveal her face, which - though gaunt-looking, angular - glows radiantly clear. Her lips are black. Both of her eyes are ice blue. Somebody lets go a long, lusty wolf whistle. Ginger's teeth flash in a beguiling fanged smile.

Ginger's undeniably the most gorgeous almost full-blown monster ever. Boys flock to her, gurgling lust-struck gush. Offering drinks, tokes, and dances. She could have the whole room. She strokes them, nibbles necks, kisses. Guys start to pile around for a taste. Ginger is blissed, re-energized.

Her eye catches Sam's back in the window of his room.

146 INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN - TRAVELLING- NIGHT

Brigitte opens Pamela's purse and withdraws a make-up bag. She opens a compact with pressed powder inside.

PAMELA

'Go or'nge'. Your grammy used to say that. Go one shade 'or'nge', and no one'll see your dark circles. No one'll know you've been crying. No one'll guess you've been out all night doing god knows what, Pamela. With god knows who. Go or'nge. She was very - stupid.

Brigitte whitens her face. With black eyebrow pencil, she smears her eyes. Pamela glances over at her.

BRIGITTE

...I'm a zombie.

147 INT. SAM'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Sam inserts a needle into the steaming violet liquid in the spoon and draws it into the barrel. He pockets the extra syringe.

GINGER

Hey. ....

Sam jumps, almost spilling the liquid.

SAM

Shit!...Hey. Brigitte's sister, right?

GINGER

Ginger.

147 CONTINUED:

SAM

She here?

GINGER

She can't make it.

SAM

You sure? She was supposed to get something from me.

GINGER

I'll bet.

Ginger unzips her jacket. She has three pairs of nipples running down her belly.

SAM

...Great get-up.

GINGER

Touch it.

SAM

Better zip up. You'll catch cold.

GINGER

Am I that scary?

SAM

Wrong word.

GINGER

You don't wanna hurt my feelings.

SAM

What about your sister's?

GINGER

Blah blah BLAH.

She shoves him backwards, hard. He lands on the bed.

GINGER

Loyalty's for squares, Sam.

148 EXT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN NEAR GREENHOUSE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

The van drives onto the lot.

149 INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN AT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Pamela parks, and cuts the engine.

(CONTINUED)



149 CONTINUED:

PAMELA

Go get your sister.

BRIGITTE

Don't wait, okay.

PAMELA

I'm not going anywhere until I know  
you're both safe.

BRIGITTE

We're taking off. You can't stop us.

PAMELA

I wasn't going to try. ...Tomorrow, I  
thought I'd let the house fill with gas  
and ...light a match.

BRIGITTE

Wh-what?

PAMELA

You've done a horrible thing. But you're  
my tiny babies. It's one thing if you  
leave. It's almost normal. But no one's  
going to take you from me.

BRIGITTE

...Wait in here. Lock your doors. Don't  
let anyone in without me.

Brigitte exits the van. Pamela auto-locks the doors.

150 INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Brigitte warily surveys the crowd. Someone shadows her from  
behind, a nub of tail poking out of his waistband.Brigitte starts to make her way in. Jason stalks her. His  
shirt is unbuttoned to show off his bulging matted chest. His  
eyes are both blue. He's picking at his pussing acne, and  
adjusting his undone pants. Cow-suited Ben grabs Jason.  
Jason strains to keep track of Brigitte.

BEN

Hey Jace'. Do you think this is a faggy  
costume for a guy? You can just say. I  
been getting funny looks. What, like we  
aren't advanced enough that a guy can  
show up completely in the spirit of the  
thing with an udder, and not get treated  
like a fucking fruit?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

Jason shoves Ben aside. Grabs Brigitte by her hair.

JASON  
She's here, I can smell her. Let's play  
who's got a hostage.

Brigitte screams, twists, but can't reach him to swing.

BEN  
(shoving Jason back)  
The fuck's your problem?

JASON  
(swinging at Ben)  
Get the fuck-/!

Ben swings back, and knocks Jason out cold. Spectators cheer.

BRIGITTE  
Th-thanks.

BEN  
Messing with girls, that's just sick.

151 INT. SAM'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Ginger sits on Sam. Her knees pin his arms, her crotch in his face. The cure needle is out of reach.

GINGER  
I'm a killer fuck. Ask anyone.

SAM  
...I'm sure you're partly right.

GINGER  
What?

BRIGITTE (O/S)  
You think he can't tell?

Brigitte stands at the door.

GINGER  
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!

BRIGITTE  
I wanna keep the pact.

GINGER  
Well I get along better with men. I'm  
taking your wet dream instead.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

Why? He's a stupid, paranoid drug addict who wants to be a hero. He'd get himself killed before you could blink.

SAM

I'd give you a dose change your tune. Straight. \*

Brigitte follows Sam's look to the needle. She nods.

GINGER

I'll screw him in front of you. If you come any closer, well. I'll do you both real damage.

BRIGITTE

Then you'll just be on your own. You hate that, Ginge'.

Brigitte grabs a pen knife and slits her scarred palm open.

BRIGITTE

So do I.

Brigitte lifts her palm to show Ginger her blood. Ginger shudders.

GINGER

You shit.

BRIGITTE

I won't ever hold you back again.

Ginger is vibrating with desire. Brigitte is shaking too.

BRIGITTE

What you do makes me wet. I can't wait...

Pause. Ginger sinks her teeth into her own palm. It bleeds.

BRIGITTE

'United against life as we know it.'

GINGER

(to Sam)

Move? Die.

Ginger slides off of him. She creeps toward Brigitte.

Behind Ginger, Sam carefully snags the cure needle.

151 CONTINUED: (2)

BRIGITTE  
This is so us.

GINGER  
(smiling and tearing up)  
Yeah, Bee, yeah...

Brigitte reaches out her bloody hand. Sam creeps up behind Ginger with the needle. Ginger hesitates.

GINGER  
I'll kill him any way.

BRIGITTE  
...I'll help.

Ginger raises her palm to Brigitte's.

Sam raises the needle.

The floor beneath Sam's foot squeaks.

Ginger catches Sam's wrist. And snaps it. He screams and drops to his knees. The needle rolls away over the floor.

GINGER  
YOU BITCH!

Ginger seizes Brigitte bodily and hurls her through the window.

152 INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The party-goers duck the spray of glass.

Brigitte falls into the centerpiece fountain, face first. Her body bobs to the surface of the pool. Inert. The water stains with blood.

Above, Ginger lets go a long, inhuman wail.

People start to panic. Jason comes to.

153 EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Pamela eases the van up along side the entrance. She strains to see inside.

154 INT. FOUNTAIN POOL/UNDER WATER - NIGHT

Brigitte's eyes open. She sees water, blood. Hears muted screams.

155 INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Brigitte bursts to the surface, choking, gasping for air. The water around her is now deep red. A foot-long shard of glass is jammed in her side.

Above her, Ginger bursts out of Sam's room and barrels down the stairs. Ginger's nose and mouth are now snout-like.

Ben dials 911 on his cell phone.

156 INT. SAM'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Sam grabs the cure needle with his good hand. He opens a switch box, throws a switch.

157 INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR- NIGHT

The sprinklers come on. The party-goers scatter as Ginger moves toward Brigitte. As she stalks in and out of the fray, her forehead subtly acquires an animal's slope - flat and back - her brows bush out.

Jason fights against the crowd to Ginger, experiencing the same changes.

Brigitte desperately tries to pull herself out of the pool. She slips, wincing. She finds a large shard of glass stuck in her side. She's losing a lot of blood. She looks faint.

Sam pursues Ginger, the needle raised in his one good hand.

SAM  
GET OUTTA THE WAY!

Ginger reaches Brigitte. Brigitte's too weak to move. Ginger slices her tough, hairy padded paw open. Blood spurts out.

GINGER  
Now you will be dead if you're not what I  
am. Oh all right, I'll infect ya, save  
ya, what're sisters for. You're a crisis,  
Bee, but I love ya...

Ginger lifts Brigitte's slack, cut palm toward her own bleeding paw. A long, flat canine tongue lolls out over Ginger's wet teeth, dripping sticky phlegm.

BRIGITTE  
(losing consciousness)  
No...

157 CONTINUED:

Just before they touch, Jason dives at Ginger, bowling her over.

JASON

Gotcha!

Ginger viciously bites and swings at Jason. He fights back.  
He's stronger, more vicious.

JASON (cont'd)

I love you. Don't fight it. You can't.

Sam is on them with the cure needle. Ginger shoves Jason in its path. The needle plunges into Jason's sternum. He falls before Brigitte, screaming.

SAM

SHIT!

Ginger scrambles to her feet, enraged, frothing at the mouth. She rushes at Brigitte.

All hell breaks loose. The party-goers start screaming, pushing away from her, heading for the doors.

Sam grabs a shovel with his good hand, distracting Ginger. She laughs like a lunatic at him. They circle one another. Sam tries a swing at her. He misses.

Brigitte grabs the glass shard in her side and pulls with all her remaining strength. It comes free. She presses her hand to the gushing wound. She painfully drags herself out of the fountain. She can hardly stand.

Ginger wheels on her. Sam clocks Ginger in the head with his shovel. She collapses, unconscious.

Sirens sound outside. Brigitte falls to her knees.

158 INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Party-goers are pouring out of the place, clambering past the van in their way. Pamela desperately scans the crowd.

A police car arrives, siren screaming.

Pamela hides her Tupperware in her coat and gets out of the van. She fights the crowd to get into the greenhouse.

159 INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

SAM

No, no baby. C'mon, stay with me, the cops are on their way.

BRIGITTE

Help her... \*

Jason sits up. The needle is still in his neck - empty. His eyes are no longer blue. His mania has vanished. Disoriented, he looks at his deformed hands, his silver-haired chest.

JASON

The fuck's happened here? FUCK!?

Brigitte and Sam look to one another. To Ginger. Brigitte feels Ginger's neck for a pulse.

SAM

No. There isn't time to make more!

BRIGITTE

You d-don't get it. She used to rule.

Brigitte presses her own cut hand to Ginger's.

SAM

What the fuck are you doing?!

Blood oozes between her fingers. She presses harder.

BRIGITTE

D-die if I don't. Get us a-away? Please.

Sam stands frozen over them, unsure what to do.

160 INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR/ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Pamela pushes past the last of the exiting crowd. At the far end, Sam helps Brigitte drag Ginger out the back way.

PAMELA

GINGER?! What- Brigitte the van's out here!

BRIGITTE

She'll be okay, let us go! We'll - we'll call you, just...

Two COPS enter behind Pamela. She wheels on them.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

PAMELA  
(thrusting the Tupperware)  
You just missed my husband. He killed  
that little Sinclair girl. He b-buried  
her in his mother's backyard, i-in the  
city. He left these in my freezer.

One cop takes the container and opens it. The cops reel.  
Pamela checks over her shoulder. Sam, Brigitte and Ginger are  
gone.

161 INT. SAM'S TRUCK CAB - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

The street lights strobe, the road ahead swings wildly to and  
fro. The view distorts, blurs, doubles.

Cut, bruised, soaking and pale with pain, Brigitte holds her  
face out the window, blasting it with cold air. She looks  
like death. Sam drives, one-handed - also in agony.

SAM  
This is nuts, you need a doctor.

Brigitte shows him her slashed palm. Her wound is healed  
over. She pulls her shirt up - her mortal gash is healed.

BRIGITTE  
Infection saves your life ...for the  
first few weeks, any way. Cure her. Cure  
me. Live bitterly ever after.

SAM  
Why didn't you tell me it wasn't you?

BRIGITTE  
...It made you care.

SAM  
Must be a drag, being so fuckin' smart.

BRIGITTE  
It's not easy.

In the window to the back of the truck, passing street lamps  
catch Ginger's ice blue eyes glinting behind them.

162 EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - NIGHT

The Fitzgerald house is dark. The truck backs up to the open  
garage.



## 163 INT. FITZGERALD GARAGE - NIGHT

Sam and weak, dizzy Brigitte confront the truck's rear. The latch has come off: the doors hang slightly ajar.

SAM

Oh man. I meant to fix that.

Brigitte takes up Henry's rake and approaches the truck doors. She noses one of the doors open a foot. It's too dark inside to see anything.

SAM

Shit! I'm sorry, I am....

Beat. Brigitte squints inside.

BRIGITTE

Heads UP!

SOMETHING roars out of the depths of the truck, jaws snapping, and crashes *through* the door to the house.

Brigitte and Sam hang on to one another, quaking.

SAM

And the rest of the monkshood's in there?

Brigitte considers Sam's broken arm. She plucks the extra syringe out of his shirt pocket.

BRIGITTE

You're bleeding, you have to stay clear.  
Just tell me how to make more cure.

SAM

You wouldn't live to use it!

BRIGITTE

She's afraid I'll take it all away from her. Fear makes you stupid. Tell me what I need to do, just yell it.

SAM

Brigitte don't!

Brigitte steps through the gaping hole in the back door.

## 164 INT. FITZGERALD GARAGE ENTRY-WAY/STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Deep shadows and slices of moonlight skewer the familiar lay out - it seems more like Dr. Caligari's Cabinet than a home.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

It's freezing cold. Brigitte's breath shows. Frost coats the windows. Sweating and shivering, Brigitte listens.

Silence, but for Brigitte's ragged, shallow breathing.

Sam slips in behind her, she jumps. Bangs his arm. Brigitte holds his mouth shut and he writhes in pain.

Something scrapes at the bottom of the basement stairs before them.

Brigitte carefully lifts Pamela's dried flower arrangements off the wall. She leads Sam to the kitchen.

165 INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brigitte eases the door to the basement shut. They whisper.

SAM  
Alcohol, metal bowl...

Brigitte finds the bowl. Sam listens at the basement door. He grabs a knife from a block.

SAM  
Heat. Heat. ...Brigitte?

The kitchen spins. Brigitte grips the counter. Tries the stove.

BRIGITTE  
...Power's off!

Brigitte bends double, dropping the bowl. Behind Sam, a chair in the dining room tips over.

SAM  
Shit! How'd she get-/

Brigitte takes what they need, staggers to the pantry door, and tugs Sam inside. They shut the door soundlessly.

166 INT. KITCHEN PANTRY - NIGHT

Brigitte finds and switches on a flashlight. She slides to the floor. She flicks a Zippo.

BRIGITTE  
Heat. N-now what.

SAM  
Christ, look at you.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE  
Look at you, shut up.

SAM  
No alcohol, let this go.

Brigitte grabs vodka off an assorted-booze shelf.

SAM  
...Grind up the buds.

167 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Silence. Rooms away, something snorts - it echos through the house. A snap. Popping. A terrible moan.

168 INT. THE PANTRY - NIGHT

SAM  
That's it, easy does it.

Dripping sweat, Brigitte quakes, almost spilling the vodka she's dripping into the ground monkshood. She flicks the Zippo on high and heats the bottom of the bowl. The cure sizzles. She dips in the syringe.

169 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claws click quickly over the kitchen floor, and off.

170 INT. THE PANTRY - NIGHT

Sam helps Brigitte to her feet. She raises the syringe of violet liquid like a weapon.

BRIGITTE  
Stay here.

SAM  
You're funny.

BRIGITTE  
Your bleeding'll just confuse things.

SAM  
You need a decoy. What's the matter, scared something might happen to me?

BRIGITTE  
Yes.

Sam takes her face with his good hand and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

SAM  
I never felt so fucking mortal. It rules.

171 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The needle raised and ready, Brigitte eases the door open. She carries the flashlight in her other hand. She and Sam slip out.

Silence.

172 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sofa bumps away from the wall, as if something very large were burrowing in behind it. There's panting, a phlegm-filled swallow.

173 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam indicates he'll go in through the dining room. Brigitte nods, heading around the other way, via the hall.

174 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam lifts the fallen chair before him like a lion tamer.

175 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brigitte creeps along the wall, needle ready. Flashlight on.

176 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte and Sam creep in at opposite ends of the moonlit room.

The flashlight sweeps the room. Figurines glint. Catches a large patch of silver fur mid-sweep. Returns to it - nothing.

Brigitte indicates the askew sofa. They both step carefully toward it.

Sam raises the chair. Brigitte raises the needle. They steel themselves. Brigitte mouths, "One, two, three."

Sam kicks the sofa away from the wall.

Nothing.

Something soft brushes the wall behind them. Brigitte and Sam spin around, scanning the shadows.

177 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal and china clatters in the china cabinet.

178 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte and Sam spin toward the dining room. They press their backs to the wall. The flashlight sweeps - nothing.

SAM

Fucking fast.

Behind Brigitte, the girls' high school portraits rattle on the wall and fall, hitting her in the head.

SAM

Where the fuck is it?!

BRIGITTE

She, not it.

From the kitchen, they hear the 'fridge door open.

SAM

Guess she's hungry.

BRIGITTE

Eating's like sex. She won't stop in the middle. We've got her.

179 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brigitte creeps back in the way she left. Sam does the same, wielding his chair.

The 'fridge sits open. A ravaged packet of raw hamburger bleeds on the floor. Brigitte pans the flashlight to the only other way out - the basement door. Still intact and shut. She pans the light under the kitchen table, behind the island. Up and over the counter.

Nothing. Brigitte and Sam meet in the middle. They turn back to back to scan around them.

Sam spots the closed pantry door. He sets the chair down and reaches for the knob.

Brigitte turns to look.

BRIGITTE

NO!

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

Bloodied froth sprays out of the pantry. The creature shrieks, leaping at Sam. It's force hurls them both across the room to slam hard on the table, which snaps. Sam screams.

Brigitte drops the needle and light to grab Sam's chair. She smashes it over the creature's back. The creature scrambles out.

Brigitte sinks to Sam. The table's pedestal base has pierced his back and come through his chest. Steam rises from the mortal gash. His blood spurts everywhere.

SAM

D-d-d-on't you d-d-dare in--fect me.

BRIGITTE

I'll get you out, get you help!

SAM

Won't make it...

Sam convulses, choking on his own blood.

SAM

S-save yours--self.

BRIGITTE

NO! SAM! NOOOO!

Sam dies. Brigitte keens, reeling over him. She lifts his limp hand to her face.

Finds herself compulsively sucking at Sam's bloody fingers. Brigitte convulses with horror. She vomits.

She hardens.

She dives for the needle. And the knife.

180 INT. ENTRY WAY/ BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Baying rises from the basement. Brigitte creeps in. She swoons and falls. The needle flies from her hand. And bounces down the basement stairs. The knife has cut her arm.

BRIGITTE

Shit!

She considers the stairs. The door. The room skews, her eye lids flutter. Drool slips over her lip.

The hulking silhouette of the creature shimmers briefly in the kitchen doorway. Then its not there.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

Brigitte stumbles down the basement stairs. Tries to watch her back. Tries to keep the knife ready.

The needle is at the bottom, caught in a trace of moonlight from a basement window.

181 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A grotesque claw-like hand bursts through the wall, grabs Brigitte's free arm, and pulls her repeatedly into the wall. Almost through it.

Brigitte slashes at the creature's grip with her knife. It hurls her down the stairs.

She hits the basement floor sprawling, past the needle. She starts to crawl back for it. She's within inches of it.

The creature bursts through the stairwell wall just above her. And races down toward her.

Brigitte turns and runs. The creature's taloned, twisted feet just miss crushing the needle.

182 INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brigitte bolts for her bedroom, ahead.

183 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte slams the door behind her, locks it. Pulls a chair to the formerly-cardboarded window. Still gripping the knife, she clambers on the chair, tips it, and wipes out. Brigitte rights the chair, climbs up it again. Brigitte opens the curtains. The window has been covered in mesh on the outside.

BRIGITTE

Oh my god.

She hears panting. Clicking. Popping of joints. Brigitte turns to face the room, tentatively lifts her knife.

The creature limps from shadow to shadow, back and forth, wheezing. It blocks the door - the only way out.

BRIGITTE

JUST GET OUT! GET OUT!

The creature gives a low, warning growl. Her claws scrape the floor unevenly. Blood drips in a patch of light. She's injured.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGITTE

...Ginger? ...Are you still in there?

Pause. Brigitte lowers the knife.

BRIGITTE

...I still want to h-help you...

Brigitte edges forward.

BRIGITTE

...The-the cure c-could w-work...

The creature starts out of the shadow at her, its horrible jaws flashing. It's no longer the sensual predator from the party. It's a monster: a gaunt, pathetic, watery-eyed atrocity.

BRIGITTE

FUCK!

Brigitte jumps back, hucking anything in reach at it. The creature moves toward her.

BRIGITTE

I'm not dying in this room with you!

The creature's hackles rise. It makes ready to pounce, hissing. It's spittle sprays Brigitte.

BRIGITTE

(lifting the knife)

I'M NOT DYING!

Roaring, the creature leaps on her. Brigitte meets its thin bony chest with the blade of her knife. The creature freezes, the knife in its heart. It snaps at Brigitte's face. Brigitte yanks the knife out. And stabs her again. And again. And again.

The creature slumps to the floor.

Brigitte falls with it, hysterical. She grabs one of its front paws and squeezes, wailing.

BRIGITTE

I'm ss-orry, I'm so- sor-/

The creature's ice blue eyes meet Brigitte's. It squeezes Brigitte's hand back - so hard.

It sighs away its final breath. The monster falls still.

(CONTINUED)



183 CONTINUED: (2)

Brigitte gathers the creature into her arms and holds it. She caresses its silver hair over and over.

184 INT. THE GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bloody fingers hold the photo of Ginger impaled on a white picket fence. The photo is lowered, revealing the dead creature lying on the bedroom floor.

Brigitte holds the bloody knife. And the needle with the cure.

Brigitte considers the creature.

185 INT. VEHICLE - DAWN

The blood-smudged Polaroid of Ginger on the picket fence is tacked to sun visor. The visor is flipped up. The morning sun blinds. The vehicle is speeding down a highway.

A badly-scarred palm adjusts the driver's side-view mirror.

186 EXT. VEHICLE TRAVELING - DAWN

The truck as it blasts by. "County Regreening Programme".

The electrical tower field looms. The strings of identical homes lining it. The long road ahead of the speeding truck. The road out of Bailey Downs.

FADE OUT

THE END